

this isn't goodbye (not really)

by no cure for crazy

Category: Arrow

Genre: Angst, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Laurel L., Thea Q.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-08 06:26:05

Updated: 2016-04-08 06:26:05

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:59:26

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,379

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Even though Laurel's gone, Thea will never be alone. Laurel has always been a part of her life and Thea will always carry that with her. And one day, Thea will see her again.

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AN: Well this got a little longer and probably a little more angsty than I originally intended but after the train wreck that I watched, I'm not surprised. I'm still in shock over what happened and I don't think that I'll ever be over it. She truly deserved better.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of these characters, though if I did, I would definitely treat them better than arrow does.

* * *

><p>Said goodbye, turned around
And you were gone, gone, gone

>Faded into the setting sun,
Slipped away

>But I won't cry
Cause I know I'll never be lonely

>For you are the stars to me,
You are the light I follow

>- See You Again, Carrie Underwood

* * *

><p>She doesn't understand how everything just went wrong. Laurel was fine just five minutes ago and now she's flat lining right in front of Thea's eyes.

Thea lets out a strangled noise, somewhere between a scream and a cry. Not believing this. She can't believe it, because it can't be real. Laurel wasn't supposed to leave her. Not like everyone who she's ever cared about. Both her father and her mother are dead, her brother left the team knowing she was battling bloodlust and

nothing's been the same since he came back, her other brother died before she could have an actual relationship with him, Roy had to leave town and he can never come backâ€|

She's so _sick_ of losing those she cares about.

Thea doesn't fully register where she's going as she allows her feet to carry her away from the hospital room, not being able to stomach staring at Laurel's lifeless body any longer. She punches the nearest wall when she passes the threshold of Laurel's room and finds herself turning around until her back meets the wall and slides down as the tears drip like a waterfall down her cheeks.

It can't be real.

She barely pays attention to the buzz of voices around her, the overlapping conversations and she pulls her knees to her chest and wraps her arms around them.

Everything passes in a blur and she almost doesn't recognize when John walks up to her.

"Thea," his voice is soft, caring and she forces her gaze to meet his. She can see the tear stains on his cheeks.

"It's not fair, John," Thea manages to get out. "It's just not fair."

"I know," he responds, holding out a hand, which Thea takes after a moment and lets him pulling her into a tight hug. "I know."

That's how Thea finds herself sobbing into John's chest and wondering if this ache in hers will even subside.

* * *

><p>Dinah Laurel Lance
1985-2016
>Beloved Daughter, Sister, Friend

She's standing there, staring at the grave that she watched be lowered into the ground and have dirt tossed on top of. The proof that Laurel's actually gone. Thea still can't believe that she's gone and a part of her knows she probably never will.

Though she also knows that even if Laurel's gone, she'll never be alone. Laurel has always been a part of her life and Thea will always carry that with her.

"I'm sorry, Laurel," Thea says to the grave stone, running a hand over the smooth marble as her voice cracking. "I'm so sorry."

"Thea?" a familiar voice says, causing Thea to spin around to face Nyssa. "I didn't mean to frighten you."

"Guess I'm just on edgeâ€|.given everything," Thea responds with a sigh, glancing back at the gravestone.

"I am sorry, you know," Nyssa tells her, slowly taking a few steps forward.

Thea nods, wrapping her arms around herself as if that can keep her from breaking down. As if she's not already falling apart at the seams.

"I know you've known Laurel a lot longer than I have, but for the short time I did know her, she was a friend to me when I didn't think I deserved it. And she was there for me after Saraâ€¦and I think it would be good of me to return the favor," Nyssa explains as she stares at the younger woman. "Unless you'd rather not."

Thea glances at this woman, who if she's being honest didn't trust when Nyssa first came into their lives. But Laurel had found a way to trust her and let her in, so Thea figures that she could some common ground with the former assassin.

"That actually seems like a good idea," Thea finally says. "There's just something that I need to do first, while I'm here."

"Alright," Nyssa responds.

"I'll meet you at the graveyard entrance in fifteen minutes," Thea tells her.

* * *

><p>Thea's walking through the graveyard, looking for a headstone she hasn't been to in a long time â€" not since she found out he was actually her brother. She slows her walking when the familiar headstone finally comes in her field of vision.<p>

_Thomas Merlyn
>1985-2013
Beloved Son _

"Hi, Tommy," she says, a sad smile appearing on her lips. "I miss you and I hope you're doing well up there, with your mother and that my parents aren't hounding you too muchâ€¦." she trails off, taking in a breath to try to stop her voice shaking.

To no avail.

"It just sucks that you, along with everyone I've ever cared about has been taken from me too soon. Even though I know you're in a better place and I'm glad that you're happy, and now you have Laurel with you..." she sighs.

"Just take care of her, Tommy," Thea adds, glancing up at the sky. "And I know one day, I'll see you too again."

She stands there for a few more minutes, imagining Laurel and Tommy being back together and wishes them the best.

_This isn't goodbye. _

_I'll see you both again. _

She turns on her heel, heading back through the rows of tombstones back to Nyssa, suddenly craving milkshake dipped French fries.

* * *

><p>Thea pushes open the apartment after parting ways with Nyssa and has to all but force herself inside, knowing that nothing about it will ever feel the same again. Not with Laurel gone.<p>

She closes the short distance until she's standing in front of the couch and pulling a small throw pillow from the upholstery, clutching it to her chest. She can still smell the ghost of Laurel's shampoo on the fabric and lets out a shaky breath.

She wishes nothing more than to be able to go back to before. When it was just her, John and Laurel protecting the city. All the late nights, the movie marathons, the inside jokes between the three of them that confused Oliver and Felicity, the dinner at the Diggle residence.

Back before everything went to shit.

Before she lost the last living person who even gave a damn about her.

_You know I'm always here for you, Thea. _

It seems almost a decade ago that Laurel told her that. That Laurel promised to protect her and be that shoulder to cry on, that rock to help her through a rough patch, the day Laurel promised to be that place that would always be home.

And now Thea has none of that. All she has left are the memories and this empty apartment that would never again feel like home.

Just like her loft.

Just like the Queen Mansion.

Why can't she just have one place that's safe? One place to her home that won't be ripped out from under her in a blink of an eye? One place that will be permanent?

She pulls herself together as much as she can before pushing off of the couch and setting the pillow back where she put it. Thea finds herself glancing around at the photographs around the living room, ones of Laurel and Captain Lance, Laurel and Sara until she finally settles on a photograph of her and Laurel.

_I'll see you again, Laurel. _

End
file.